

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

SKETCH OF BENEVOLENT OPERATIONS IN BEHALF OF SEAMEN—NO. III.

ORGANIZATION OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The honor of originating this Institution is due, chiefly, to the REV. JOHN TRUVAIR. He had been pastor of the Mariner's Church in New York for three and a half years preceding Aug. 1825, and during the latter year had conducted the "Mariner's Magazine." In an editorial article under date of July 23d, the first suggestion, so far as we can learn, of a general Society for the welfare of seamen, appeared—which, since it is interesting to see in what shape precisely a new enterprise of benevolence which afterwards attained dimensions of importance first presented itself, is worthy of preservation. After alluding to the other great enterprises then being undertaken for the advancement of Christ's cause, he remarks:

"But these are not the only efforts of Christian beneficence. While this splendid machinery is extending the means of salvation to heathen tribes, while so many of the benevolent and zealous are consecrating their energies and their resources to extend the blessings of the gospel to foreign shores, it is consoling to observe that a tender and impulsive concern is beginning to operate in behalf of seamen. In many of our seaports societies have been formed under the influence of this feeling, and sufficient has already been done to prove their utility and importance. They are yet however in comparative infancy, and have hitherto derived no support from the aids which have given strength and influence to their great contemporaries. Few in number and feeble in

strength, they have been nearly overlooked amid the splendor and interest of these more conspicuous operations. Thus circumscribed in their means, and without concert of action, their usefulness must continue proportionably limited. With no certain or legitimate means of support, and depending upon the precarious bounty of comparatively a few individuals, (for the Christian public is not yet awake to the importance of this cause,) these Societies, which are undeniably among the most important institutions of this age of benevolence, must decline, and would probably soon become merely nominal.

"In seeking for some means to prevent such a result and to extend the usefulness of these valuable associations, we have arrived at the conclusion that a general union, on the principle of the Bible, Tract, and other contemporaneous institutions would secure the desired object; thus producing a concentration of effort, and a unity of action as well as of design. It can not be necessary to dwell upon the benefits of such a union as they have already been conclusively demonstrated in the experience of other societies. It is our object at this time merely to throw out the suggestion in the hope that the friends of the cause generally, together with our editorial brethren, will take it into consideration, and give us an expression of opinion on the subject. The plan has been successfully tried by the friends of seamen in England, and we can see no reason why we can not have an "*American Seamen's Friend Society and Bethel Union.*"

This suggestion was favorably received by the friends of seamen generally. In September following a communication appeared in the same publication, signed by one hundred and fourteen masters and mates of vessels, expressing a deep interest in the promotion of morality and religion among sailors, and a hope that the project of a National Society, on the principles of the other general institutions of benevolence in this country, would be carried into effect. The plan having also been recommended by others in various parts of the country a public

meeting was held on the 25th October to take action in the premises. The official record of said meeting is as follows.

"At a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of New York held at the City Hotel on Tuesday evening the 25th inst. for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of adopting measures preparatory to the formation of an American Seamen's Friend Society. Pursuant to public notice, the Hon. SMITH THOMPSON* was called to the chair and JOHN R. HURD appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting having been stated, and several letters from different persons in some of the seaports cordially approving the design, being read, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On motion of Rev. Dr. Macauley of the Presbyterian Church, seconded by the Rev. C. G. Somers of the Baptist Church,

Resolved, That this meeting would regard with peculiar interest the formation of a National Seamen's Friend Society to have the seat of its operations in the City of New York; and that we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to promote the highest prosperity, and the most extensive usefulness of such an institution.

On motion of the Rev. Wm. McMurray, D. D., of the Dutch Reformed Church, seconded by the Rev. Nathan Bangs, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

Resolved, That the Christian public be invited to co-operate with us in the formation of such an institution.

On motion of Captain Brown, of the U. S. Revenue Cutter, seconded by the Rev. Benjamin Mortimer of the Moravian Church,

Resolved, That the following gentlemen, to wit: Hon. Smith Thompson, Richard Varick, Theodore Dwight, Wm. W. Woolsey, Rev. John Truair, Francis Hall, Rensselaer Havens, Najah Taylor, Samuel Candler, R. Brumley, D. W. O. Olyphant, R. M. Blatchford, John B. Yates, George Douglass, Jeremiah Taylor, John R. Hurd, Anson G. Phelps, and Silas Holmes, Esquires, be a committee to carry into effect the views of this meeting.

Agreeably to the arrangements of the meeting, a collection was then made to defray the expenses of the committee in the prosecution of the object of their appointment which amounted to thirty-five dollars.

The thanks of the meeting being voted to Mr. Jennings for the use of the room, a motion to adjourn was moved and carried.

SMITH THOMPSON, *Chairman*.
JOHN R. HURD, *Secretary*."

The adjourned meeting was held Jan'y. 11, 1826, when a constitution was adopted and officers chosen.

Rev. Mr. Truair was employed as the Agent of the Society. He visited some of the southern ports, collected some funds and prepared, published, and circulated a highly animated "Call from the Ocean" in behalf of long neglected seamen. This powerful address excited in the minds of many a new interest in this class of men, and a strong desire to rescue them from

their slavery to oppressive landlords and vile companions. But at this time the attention of the christian public was much occupied by other subjects of interest and there seemed no room to obtrude the claims of the Sailor successfully upon their regard. A small number of individuals retained the form of the Society, hoping to resuscitate it at a favorable opportunity.

In May 1828 a new organization took place in the Board of Trustees; an Executive Committee was appointed and a determination was formed to commence the work in behalf of Seamen without delay. The officers of the Society elected at this time were the following;

HON. SMITH THOMPSON, President.
Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, Cor. Secy.
Philip Flagler, Rec. "
Silas Holmes, Treasurer.
Rev. Joshua Leavitt, General Agent.

Executive Committee.

Rev. John C. Brigham.
Rev. C. P. McIlvaine.
Silas Holmes.
Ruben Brumley.
Rev. J. Leavitt.
Timothy D. Williams.
John Wheelwright.
Philip Flagler.
Jeremiah H. Taylor.

Thus through great exertions was born into the family of American general benevolent charities an institution which if not boasting so much *ecclat* as some, has at least the honor of supplying a vacancy which no other does. It is the only Society in this country which labors directly for the benefit of American Seamen away from our shores. Local Societies are sustaining various efforts in their behalf at home, and some other institutions extend incidental aid to them abroad, but the American Seamen's Friend Society alone, sustains establishments or the

* Then Secretary of the Navy U. S.

spiritual welfare of our seamen in other lands. It is the intermediate link between the Foreign and Home missionary work of the Church, binding the two in one chain of co-operative fellowship through which the gospel encircles THE WORLD.

OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST YEAR,
ENDING MAY 1829.

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE. The first object to which the attention of the Society was directed was the establishment of a permanent publication which should bring the enterprize they had undertaken before the community, and awaken a deeper and more general interest both in it, and in the condition and wants of seamen. At the meeting of the Executive Committee on the 14th of July it was resolved to establish a monthly Magazine of 32 pages, similar in character to the London Sailor's Magazine; and Rev. Messrs Brigham, McIlvaine and J. Brown were appointed a committee to issue the first number. This appeared in September, and the work has been continued without interruption to the present time. Probably no other agency has done so much to advance the objects of the undertaking, and kindle through the country at large an interest in the cause, as the *Sailor's Magazine*, now entered on its *thirtieth* annual volume.

GENERAL AGENT. Upon the reorganization of the Society in May, the Rev. Joseph Brown the Seamen's preacher at Charleston S. C., was engaged for a few months as Agent. He labored very assiduously in the cause, visited several places, and exerted himself to awaken the benevolent to do something for the sailor. At the expiration of his appointment, the society made choice of Rev. Joshua Leavitt, then pastor of the church in Stratford, Conn., as the general Agent.

He continued to act in this capacity till December 1832; and to his energy and industry are the Society largely indebted for bringing them through the difficulties of the infant enterprise, and placing it on a footing of stability and prosperity.

FOREIGN CHAPLAINS. It was one of the leading objects of this Society to institute agencies in foreign ports for the benefit of our seamen there, and next after the establishment of the Magazine it was the *first work* undertaken to be done. In December 1828 the Executive Committee having received several communications on the subject, opened a correspondence with the Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., which led to a determination to send a chaplain as soon as possible to Canton. The following resolutions adopted in February ensuing, present the views of the Committee at that time upon the general subject.

"The Executive Committee of the American Seamen's Friend Society have recently adopted the following resolutions as a sort of general expression of their plans and determinations.

1. *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Committee the shortness of the time that sailors remain at home, and their unrestrained exposure to temptation while in our ports, forbid the hope of a very general reformation among them by means of domestic operations alone.

2. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of the American Seamen's Friend Society to adopt measures for exciting and combining the exertions of pious seafaring men of all ranks to extend the influence of Christian worship and instruction on board of all vessels at sea.

3. *Resolved*, That it is the appropriate province of the American Seamen's Friend Society, to institute missions, and send out sea missionaries to those principal foreign ports, frequented by American seamen, which are not furnished with gospel institutions accessible to our sea-faring brethren.

4. *Resolved*, That relying upon the blessing of God and upon the support of our fellow Christians, the Committee are determined to institute a sea-mission among some of the Spanish-American ports, and another in the port of Canton in China, and others in other ports, as soon as suitable persons can be found to occupy those stations, and the necessary funds shall be provided.

5. *Resolved*, That the Executive Committee respectfully and earnestly invite the co-operation and support of all benevolent persons both inland and on the sea-board in these important undertakings, either by the formation of auxiliary Seamen's Friend Societies, or by a direct contribution to the funds of this Society."

Attest,

PHILIP FLAGLER
Sec. Secretary.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES. The Receipts of the Society during the

year were, from sales of the Magazine \$177 37. From donations \$1,037 01. Total \$1,214 38. The expenses were \$2,150 44.

SECOND YEAR. 1829—30.

The Sailor's Magazine under the editorship of Mr. Leavitt increased its patronage till it became nearly self-sustaining. Its regular edition was two thousand copies, furnished to subscribers at \$1 50 per annum.

CHAPLAIN TO CANTON. The important object of sending out a "sea missionary" as it was termed, was still kept in view. The attention of the society was first called to this object by the Rev. Dr. Morrison, English missionary at that port. The debased moral condition of seamen visiting there, with others of the foreign population had been frequently made by him the subject of remark in his letters. In 1827 he addressed an earnest appeal to the A. B. C. F. M. for help; remarking incidentally that "the churches of the U. States have not yet sent to this land any christian minister either for the heathen or for their own people." About the same time also, he sent a very feeling letter to the Committee of the Bethel Union in London, in which he says;

"A preacher is wanted at Whampoa" (the anchorage for ships, about eleven miles from Canton.) "Some of the Company's Captains read prayers on board their own ships on Sundays and Capt. Crocker has read a sermon from Doddridge under the Bethel Flag; all of which cheers our hearts in these regions of idolatry and superstition. Still a faithful and devoted minister for the fleet is greatly to be desired. The churches of the United States enjoy facilities for supplying one; and I have, through a devoted christian here, written to America, to induce some man mighty in the Scrip-

tures, full of faith and the Holy Ghost to come among us for a season. Such at present is the condition of things in reference to the Sailors."

In the fall of 1829 a merchant of New York engaged in the China trade expressed himself desirous of sending out a missionary from this country to labor for American seamen and residents in China, and ultimately if found practicable, for the introduction of the gospel among the population of that country. Just then Rev. David Abeel, a promising young minister of the Reformed Dutch Church was recommended to the Committee for that post. He was appointed accordingly and embarked for Canton in the ship "Roman" on the 14th of October—the first chaplain for seamen ever sent from our shores. He had also a contingent appointment from the American Board to enter into their service there whenever he should seem called to it in Divine providence.

In reference to this undertaking the Executive Committee say in the second Annual Report, "When we consider that the introduction of the religion of Christ among the vast population of China and Japan is the greatest and most difficult enterprise remaining for the church before the millenium, we can not but regard it as a token of good to the American Seamen's Friend Society that God has permitted and called us to bear so direct and important a part in the early stage of this great work. The committee joyfully accept it as an intimation of the honor which may hereafter come upon our infant institution, if its conductors are not deficient in faithfulness or ability to render it an efficient instrument in promoting the glorious triumphs of the Redeemer."

OTHER EFFORTS.

In addition to this foreign work,

the committee employed an intelligent layman, to visit the line of the Erie Canal, and explore the condition and wants of the boatmen engaged upon it. His report was an interesting document and created a deep impression that something must be done in their behalf.

It was the hope of the founders of the Society to do something to secure the observance of public worship on board of vessels at sea. "To facilitate this desirable object the committee, in connection with the New York Port Society, prepared a new and enlarged edition of the Seamen's Devo-

tional Assistant and Mariner's Hymns. It was a choice selection of near 600 hymns, with suitable forms of prayer for different occasions at sea.

A memorial was presented to the Secretary of the Navy, U. S. on the subject of naval chaplaincies, recommending an increase both in the number of chaplains, and also in their salaries.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

The receipts of the Society for the second year were from sales of Magazine \$1,159,78. Donations \$3,000,04. Total \$4,159,82. Expenses, \$3,876,88.

L. P. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPORT OF REV. O. HELLAND,

Norwegian Missionary in the employ of the Am. Seamen's Friend, and N. Y. Port Societies.

The last month has been one of much interest in my labors. On the 14th of July I left New York for a visit to the Norwegian people who have settled in the West. On board the steamboat to Albany I distributed tracts among the passengers, especially among a large number of Germans, who received them with expressions of gratitude, and who were speedily seen all over the boat reading the tracts. I was detained the next day in Albany, but the detention was explained as I reached Buffalo; for on entering the Boat for Detroit I saw a considerable number of emigrants coming on board bound for Toledo. I at first took them for Germans, but when I went among them I soon found that they were my own fellow countrymen, Norwegians. At once I set down my carpet bag and commenced distributing tracts among these 150 people, spending also all the remaining time I had in conversation with them on the subject of their soul's salvation. I

hope the seed scattered will be gathered after many days.

Similar distributions were made among the passengers on the Lake. On Sunday I attended service at Chicago with Bro. Leonard on board the first English Brig that ever arrived in that port direct from England; and preached in the Swedish M. E. Church in the evening. At Racine I stopped by request from Wednesday till Monday, and we had meetings every evening. Preached on Sunday evening to the Norwegians in the Norw. M. E. Church. There are a large number of these people in the Western States without any spiritual shepherd. God send them some speedily.

Since my return God has not left me without evidence of his blessing. Four persons profess to have found peace in believing, and about twenty others, in the last two months have been more or less impressed with the truth. Most of them have gone to sea sorrowing;—God grant that they may return rejoicing. Some of the converts after obtaining peace went among their ship mates and told them what the Lord had done for their souls. It will be understood that this work

is among the Norwegians, Swedes, Finns and Danes.

At our meeting on Monday evening August 24, request was made that all who desired salvation should rise; three persons arose. Next morning a stout Norwegian sailor who had been present came to my room in deep distress. He said that on the preceding evening he trembled so much that he could not rise. He had tried for six years to be better, but only got worse, and now there was no help for him; he was in despair. We knelt in prayer together, and the scene can only be understood by those who have witnessed similar ones. Next morning he came again, bringing with him a Swede who boarded in the same house, (a rum shop.) The Norwegian said to me with a pleasant countenance, as the tears poured down his cheeks, "my burden is gone." At this the Swede also burst into tears saying, "I am lost!" We all three wept together. I prayed with them, then we sung a Norwegian hymn, and I prayed again. The boarding house keeper began to ridicule them, saying they were weak-minded, and he had had a better opinion of them. The Norwegian replied, if you don't wish me to stay in your house I will leave, for I intend to save my soul. This ended the matter with him.

On the next day four or five pious sailors came to my office, one of whom I sent after the two above mentioned. The Norwegian came, the Swede would not. Mr. Helland, he said, would pray for him and it would only hurt him.

Sunday was a good day for us. I tried to preach in the afternoon, and the Lord was with us. On Monday evening the Norwegian, a Finn, whom I had formerly conversed with, and two Swedes were present, all of whom professed to have found peace. Three of them have gone to sea, rejoicing in God. The Norwegian said to me, "I must stay on shore one week more and grow stronger;" and since that time he has gone from one boarding house to another, and conversed on the subject of religion.

Pray for your unworthy servant
Sept. 8, 1857. OLA HELLAND.

COPENHAGEN.

Letter from Mr. P. E. Rydning, Mis'y.

COPENHAGEN, July 12, 1857.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—May I direct your attention to earlier reports in which I informed you that a voice from Sweden cried, come over and help us. This voice did not cease, and last winter I received several letters requesting me to come to them. In compliance herewith, I went to Sweden on the 7th April. I visited Malmö, Ystad, Lund, Christianstad, Sölversborg, Carlshaven, and several smaller towns. I also visited the vessels and spoke to the seamen wherever I found them, and gave them some tracts. I held many meetings, often twice a day, and sometimes even at night. Some of the meetings were so numerous attended that we were obliged to hold them under the open sky. In this land of darkness where the enmity against Christ is so great, particularly because the laws are opposed to true godliness, persecution followed me at every step, particularly of the clergy. I shall mention a few cases. I generally sent messengers to the places I intended to visit, that the people might be assembled when I came. April 18th, in the evening I came to the house of an under ranger. It is situated on a hill called Gudstags Hill. The house was full of souls, hungering and thirsting after grace, who had already been waiting for several hours. I had immediately to take off my traveling clothes and begin to distribute the bread of life which was received with great eagerness both by learned and unlearned. When the service was ended, a few females requested to speak to me about their state of mind. I went with them into another room which turned towards the road, and we were standing speaking together at the window. The enemies who were watching me without, thought this a favorable opportunity for their evil intentions. Favored by the darkness without and guided by the light which was standing on the table before me, and myself placed at the window; everything appeared to favor their plans. They threw a stone as

big as a child's head with such force through the window that it smashed part of the frame and panes of the window with great noise. It was directed at my head, but missed the mark by a few inches, the Lord directed the stone so that not a hair on my head was hurt. I stayed the night in this place, there having been appointed a meeting for the following day, it being the Lord's day. From the early morning people flocked together. The crowd being too great for the house, we chose the wood for our temple. This wood is about three miles in length and one in breadth, (a Swedish mile is 18,000 ells,) and the hill we chose for our meeting place is about one mile in circumference and 300 ells above the level of the water. The crowd which was too large for the house, was as nothing in this temple of the Lord. It was for me an elevated thought to think that the highest Majesty had once preached on a mountain and taught. And it was a heavenly sight for my eyes to see this multitude, desirous of knowledge, either standing, sitting or lying down, waiting to hear the word of life. The sky above my head, the earth beneath my feet, and round about me a great multitude of immortal souls for whom the blood of Jesus flowed. All this turned my heart to great solemnity, and I lifted up my soul in prayers to our Father who is in heaven. For my text I chose the 33d and 34th verses of Luke 10, and set forth the Only one in heaven and on earth who has a heart to feel for us, and will and power to help us poor helpless sinners, and that without any doings or help on our part or the part of any man, He alone has a right to be called the Merciful Samaritan. The Lord poured out his Spirit upon us. He gave grace to speak, ears to hear, and hearts to receive his word. Tears gave evidence that the word went to the heart. When the service was ended I baptized three persons in a brook at the foot of the hill. When we returned from this holy ordinance, a number of people had assembled in a house in the wood who requested to hear the word of God, and I commenced immediately to preach again

to the attentive crowd. The enemy fumed with rage and the desire of revenge, and the police was sent out to catch us, but as I only stayed one or two days in any place they came always too late. The clergy and guardians of the church had assembled to hold counsel about what they should do to those who had been baptized, as they are not able to bear them, and in that parish about thirty have been baptized. After long deliberation they came to the conclusion that the baptized christians should be permitted to live in the parish for two years and that those of them who did not return to the church within that time should be expatriated. The clergyman should in the mean time endeavor to persuade them to do so. He (the clergyman) visited accordingly these people, but after having exhausted all his eloquence, he said, I cannot convince you any more, for you will not believe me. They replied, we will believe and obey the word of God. The clergyman said, what is then to become of the established church, when ye, whom I considered as its pillars, depart from it? Ye are those who regularly attended the church. Now you may live in the parish for two years, and those of you who have not returned to the church will be expatriated. Next day the clergyman tried other means to induce them to return to the church. He removed them from their offices where he had power and influence,—and the power of the clergy is great in Sweden—but those who suffered loss of their livelihood were glad that they had found the Saviour, and rejoiced through faith in God. Having stayed three days in this parish I went on the fourth day to Sölversborg in order to go by steamer to Ystad. I had twice before been at this place, and I wished at this time to hold a parting meeting there, for there were many who were baptized and many who sought the Lord with sincere hearts. But the enmity on the part of the clergy and many of the people, was great. Before I arrived at Sölversborg the brethren sent a messenger to warn me, the town being in a tumult, and they feared lest I should fall into the hands of the people. The messenger guided

me behind the city to the house of a clergyman's widow, situated at the outskirts of the city. Those who believed in the Lord were soon assembled, and we quickened our souls by the word of God. In the evening I went into the city to another house, where the saints were wont to assemble, and some of them coming there that night, I spoke to them till midnight. From thence I went to a third house, to a sincere christian man,—his wife was one of those who had been baptized—there I rested for several hours. Next morning some of the saints came to take leave of me, I commended their souls to the Lord and blessed him for all I had seen and heard. When I came on board the steamer a shipbuilder observed me. On one of my former visits to this town, I had had some serious conversation with this man, and had also given him some tracts, but he had become enraged against me. He now soon collected a goodly number of different persons who came on the steamer. They immediately commenced their mockery, but as I did not reply to what they said, they came nearer and formed a circle around me, and the one who was to be their ringleader came and offered me his hand. I told him that I did not know him. He said, well let us speak a little about the decayed state of the church, how its defects may be remedied, &c. He moreover said that he wished to be baptized however much it should cost, and putting his hand into his pocket he said that he could pay well for it. As long as it only regarded my person, I could keep quiet, but now it regarded the honor of my Saviour, I was obliged to answer. I said that I did not baptize for money, but only such as God has prepared for it. Well, cried another, we can be baptized for nothing, so much the better; at which he set up a roar of laughter which was accompanied by that of the others, and a torrent of railery. A tall sailor with a malicious countenance endeavored to get at me, in order, I suppose, to throw me overboard. I sighed in secret to the Lord, and immediately they dispersed and went to the other end of the vessel, most likely to form another

plan, the former having miscarried. When they in a little while returned in order to surround me anew, and being just on the point of carrying their plan into execution, the captain gave orders for the vessel to leave, and they were obliged to go on shore where they had to content themselves with mockery and railing, and cursing and swearing, which they continued as long as I could hear them. So dark and hardened is the heart of man, whether in the one country or in the other, by nature it is at enmity against God. The Lord gave me grace on this journey to proclaim the message of peace to many of my fellow men, and I baptized a number with the baptism of the Lord. In about two months, from the first of April to the beginning of June, I and a few other brethren who also labor in Skaane, together have baptized 300 precious souls, and formed six churches, one in Carlshavn and Solversborg, (these two places come under one elder), one at Aarhus, south of Solversborg, one at Grodbye, north of Solversborg, and three in and about Christianstad. The whole distance is about eight Swedish miles in length and three or four in breadth. The length is from east to west, and the breadth from north to south.—Further south in Skaane as good as nothing is done to promote true religion. Three Lutheran missionaries were also baptized.

The Lord has in a gracious manner smiled upon us. Satan rages and shows himself mighty in the children of disobedience. The dear brethren of Solversborg have been sentenced to fines together to 50 rds, (about 25 American dollars,) for having lent me a house. At other places the servants are dismissed from their service, and the brethren can get no work, and those who are masters can get no journeymen to work for them, and no one will buy of them, because they do not carry the mark of the beast. To the honor of the Lord I can say that the dear Swedish brethren bear it all with patience, and praise the Lord for all he may be pleased to send them. I must cry out, Lord, great is the grace and without end Thy mercy. Remember me in your

prayers. With affectionate regards to you and all the people of God,
I remain, your brother
in Christ,

P. E. RYDING.

MARSEILLES.

Letter from Rev. M. J. Mayers, Chaplain.

MARSEILLES, Aug. 4, '57.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Since I last wrote to you, I have visited England for a few weeks—a brother clergyman having undertaken my duties. I tried to obtain assistance in employing a scripture reader, as Mr. Canney has left me, but both the Seaman's Soc'y recently established and the older one, declined to help on the ground of insufficient funds, though I offered, personally, to contribute the annual sum of £20. I feel very much the want of a lay assistant, the work among the seamen, on board of ship, in the Sailor's Home and in the hospital is beyond my own individual reach. I must wait till the Lord, the Head of the church, stir up the hearts of some of his people to help forward this labor of love. I have lately had to deal with three cases of American seamen in which I cannot but hope that the ministry of the Word was, through Divine grace, made effectual. The first was that of a man named H—, a native of Virginia, who had been religiously educated, and who knew the truth. He proved like so many others, unfaithful, and in his illness—fever—which he believed to be unto death, his conscience was fearfully burdened. Being destitute he was received into the Home and most carefully and kindly tended by the matron, and frequently sent for me to speak the word of consolation and to pray with him. He became truly penitent and on his recovery showed tokens of a renewal of nature. He was maintained at the Home for several weeks, and is now on his passage home. The case of the other is that of J— S—, seaman on board of the "Australian," now in this port, loading for New York. He was brought up a Wesleyan, is a young and very respectable man. I met him in the hospital, where he had been

confined, for a few days only, his ailment being trifling. His state of mind gave me satisfaction; he appears steady and God-fearing. His captain, Kingman of Salem, a respectable man, speaks well of S's seriousness. I cannot forbear referring again to the captains in general, their conduct is a great stumbling block, doubtless, in the way of the seamen. Few are serious, the "many" walk the broad way—Unitarians, Universalists, and avowed unbelievers—and even such as are at home "professors," think, as many have admitted to me, that abroad, away from their families and parlors, they may take license and follow a multitude to do evil. I need scarcely tell you, how such conduct tells upon the crews, over whom they tyrannize so frequently. Cases of this kind have of late abounded in the American as well as in the English newspapers.

The third case is that of a man named H—, of Louisiana. The poor fellow died in the hospital, of small pox, he was very ignorant, had never attended to the word of exhortation, and it was hard to reach him. But we know not the secret workings of the Spirit of God, we sow in tears, may we through God's mercy, reap with joy. I am now better off at the Sailor's Home, it has got into better order. The managers, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, are respectable persons, and the establishment is kept in good order, contributing to the physical comfort of the seamen, and we trust also to their spiritual advantage.

Your friend and brother in Christ,

Very affectionately,

M. JOHN MAYERS.

HONOLULU.

Letter from S. C. Damon, Chaplain.

Island of Kauai—Sugar and Coffee Plantations—
Tobacco growing—Tropical fruits, &c.

HONOLULU, June 23d, 1857.

In my last letter, written several weeks since, I intimated that I would subsequently make some statements in regard to the agricultural resources of the island of Kauai. This island has sometimes been called "the garden of the Sandwich Islands," on account of its verdure and fertility.

It is not like Maui, and Hawaaii, disfigured by huge and barren craters which will require ages of decomposition before the lava is converted into soil, suitable for cultivation. Kauai is covered with verdure and fruits to its very mountain summits. It was upon this island that the sugar cultivation first started, about twenty years ago.

At present there are upon the island, two large sugar plantations. Each plantation will this year produce about 200 tons of sugar, besides a large quantity of molasses. The proprietors are all Americans, and are enterprising men.

There are also two coffee plantations, where grow nearly an hundred thousand coffee trees. Both these plantations are located in Hanalei Valley, one of the most beautiful and fruitful spots on the Sandwich Islands. Both are considered in a thriving condition; one is owned by an Englishman, and the other by an American. In March I visited both, and saw coffee in all its various stages of growth, from the first blossoming of the trees, until the coffee was bagged for the market. A coffee plantation well cultivated, is certainly one of the most beautiful sights in the whole range of agricultural crops.

Tobacco has been attempted, but for some reason its cultivation is now generally abandoned, except by the natives, who cultivate small patches here and there, merely for pipe smoking. I am not aware that any tobacco is raised on the islands for either chewing or cigar making. The cigars which have been made, do not appear to be of a good quality. Report says, that the tobacco leaf becomes impregnated with the saline matter from the sea, thus rendering it unfit for smoking purposes. I state merely what I have heard, for I never smoked but *one cigar*, and I am pretty confident I shall never try another, and as for the filthy practice of chewing the weed, I choose to let my neighbors do that!

Most tropical fruits will grow upon this island, viz: oranges, lemons, guavas, mangoes, pine apples, figs, &c. At Hanalei, the peach has been produced, and hereafter it will be there found in abundance. Trees continue bearing for several months. Large

herds of cattle range upon the mountains and through the valleys, much to the annoyance and but little to the profit of the natives. Several dairy establishments are in successful operation. Our best butter comes from Kauai, and is readily sold in the Honolulu market for 50 cents per pound. No cheese is made, or none for the market.

The value of all the agricultural products of the island would be much increased, if there was a good steamer running among the islands.

Yours truly,

S. C. D

HONG KONG.

Letter from Rev. J. C. Beecher, Chaplain.

VICTORIA, June 8th, 1857.

Since I last wrote there has been little or no change in the state of affairs, up to the past week. The imperial fleets hemmed us in more and more closely, causing almost famine prices in the market, and inconveniencing us greatly by stopping market boats and confiscating all supplies bound for barbarian appetites. The gun-boat fleet and powerful ships of war from England, at last arrived, and last week went up the river to set things to rights. They have made thorough work, as the newspapers probably will inform you. In one battle at "Escape Creek," about eight miles below Whampoa—my old parish—fifty or sixty war junks were taken, sunk, or burned, and a thousand or so Celestials sent out of the world. This is the fleet which so harrassed the river trade before I left Whampoa, and committed all sorts of barbarities. The scoundrels have got their deserts at last. The second great battle was above Whampoa, about twelve miles, at what is called Fatshan Creek, nearly opposite Canton. In this neighborhood were three large fleets, mostly first class junks, new and in good order. This performance was more like a fight than any which has taken place, and yet the results are as usual most amazing. One hundred and fifty war junks, carrying probably 1500 guns, many of them of large calibre, manned by probably 8,000 to

10,000 Chinese soldiers, together with a 10 gun battery on shore; all these are taken by a boat expedition of 1,800 men, with a loss of ten killed and forty wounded! I cannot understand it. Our ships, Portsmouth and Levant took the four Barrier forts, three or four miles above Whampoa, with a loss of five killed by Chinese. There were eleven killed, but six of these we sagaciously killed ourselves.

We have thrilling narratives of fights, in various quarters, in which the gallantry of Europeans is most extravagantly lauded, and the terrific odds against them dwelt upon, where the results show that not a single soul of the attacking party was even wounded.

There is a most powerful fleet here now, large enough to take every port in China, and there is quite as large a fleet on the way out. By the latter part of July, there will be here an army of 15,000 to 20,000 regular troops, and a fleet of more than fifty steamships and gunboats. The ball is opened, and poor John Chinaman will have sad music to dance to. The whole interior is in a state of anarchy. The Governor of Canton has called in the troops which held the rebels in check, and they (the rebels,) are slaying and plundering in every quarter, for the Chinese are cruel as they are cowardly. You know that the rebels were repulsed from the Canton district two years ago. Doubtless you remember the shocking details of the cruelties practiced upon them by the imperial government. Probably not less than 60,000 or 70,000 were murdered in cold blood, and many of these put to frightful tortures. These things are not forgotten, and the rebels lose no opportunity to enact the same scenes in retaliation. It seems as though the nation were to be exterminated, through one cause or another, for the famine is slaying as well as the sword.

Horrible, horrible are the details which every day come to our ears from once source or another, and yet so constant are they that they fail to excite anything like horror.

What the English fleet will do next no one knows. There are not soldiers

enough here yet to make it worth while to take Canton, although there would be no difficulty in so doing. I think the gun boats will explore all the creeks and rivers, and exterminate all the war junks, and armed boats, and that land operations will be deferred until the arrival of troops. It is a singular state of things which exists up the river, I assure you. The boats up the river report the country people as quiet and friendly.

At Whampoa great sufferings exist, and the people are longing for the return of English and American customers. The ships of war find plenty of provisions; those who have them being glad to sell; but the high price of rice, which is the staff of life, has caused great suffering. The new crop is coming in however, and I hope will be found sufficiently plentiful to supply all with food. So much for general news. Now for particulars.

Since last writing, I have continued public worship in the little chapel, down among the boarding houses and brothels, and with encouraging results in many respects. Yesterday however, after service, I notified my congregation that our services in that location would not continue. This conclusion I adopted on several accounts.

Although successful beyond my anticipation in collecting an audience, I found that I could not gain a desirable attendance of *sailors*. I succeeded in getting out boarding house keepers in many instances, but sailors were the smallest portion of my congregation, whereas much the larger portion of it was composed of those who had previously attended, and would attend the other churches, if mine were closed. Now I do regard boarding house keepers as my legitimate parishioners, and mean that they shall have no lack of looking after. But I must have a place into which I can bring sailors, for there are hundreds of them here, sheep without a shepherd. I believe I wrote you that I had determined to accept the broad construction of your commission "to the ports of China," locate in this place and build a "Seamen's Chapel." Also that I had opened a subscription to that end. Well I found that my being located in the chapel where our service has been

held, rather militated against my new proposition, for some said, "you are doing well enough where you are." But I am *not* doing well enough, in fact I do not think a desirable work can be done in that location, and I have given it up that it may not impede the better work which I hope to accomplish. My only difficulty now is to find a piece of ground suitably located, on which to build, and that difficulty I hope to surmount. The merchants here are liberally disposed, and the money will be forthcoming. There never was a place where a young, active minister of the gospel could exert his every energy more fully than here, for the revival field is entirely unoccupied. There never was known such a thing as a revival of religion here. And from present appearances there seems little likelihood of such a blessing during the present generation, and yet there is no telling what may result from prayer and active labor. May God give me grace to be constant both in prayer and labor.

When I came here from Whampoa there were over 200 ships, barks and brigs in this harbor; that was unusual. There are here now I think about sixty or seventy, and this is about the average. There are no two ports in China which together would present so wide a field for chaplain labor. And I believe there are no two ports which together can show the amount of licentiousness and beastly degradation, which is so rife in this. The whole public street through which I walked to my chapel, is lined on both sides with brothels, and the sidewalks crowded with foul prostitutes. There is an unblushing effrontery to vice here that would shock any one not accustomed to it, and surely it is enough to dishearten any minister to think that every sailor he invites to his church must run the gauntlet of all these foul birds of prey before he can reach the chapel door. This has in connection with other causes led me to discontinue worship in the undesirable locality, and to give my whole time and energy to build a chapel in a respectable locality. I can promise you it will have no lack of attendance.

I enclose you a slip cut from one of our local papers, which indicates that my proposed chapel may be the means of promoting other desirable improvements. I have twice preached upon the subject of popular, *refined* recreations as the surest antidote to depraved pleasures and lustful excitements. I mean to follow up the subject, and am happy to find that my ideas meet with the approval of not a few in the community.

My good wife, not fancying the life of idleness which every missionary's wife must lead (unless she determine to make work for herself,) has commenced the publication of a "Monthly Magazine," the first ever published in Hong Kong. The first number will be issued the present month, and I will send you a copy by next mail. There is no lack of subscribers to it, and I am hopeful that the call for contributors will wake up some of the talent which is asleep in this community. Some time I mean to write a sketch of Hong Kong society; it is the strangest combination of odds and ends that ever came together, and yet one single revival of religion, might revolutionize the whole place. Sometimes I lie awake half the night, longing and praying for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and I am not by any means disheartened. I have two more letters to write and must close. Best love to your family from myself and mine. And with sincere regards to the gentlemen of the Board, believe me truly yours,

JAMES C. BEECHER.

Under date of July 8, Mr. Beecher writes further in regard to his projected chapel at Hong-Kong as follows:

"The proposition which I mentioned in my last as having made, viz: to raise \$1,500 at home if \$5,500 can be raised here *has been accepted*, and a meeting of subscribers is announced for next Friday to appoint trustees and put the work ahead. Believe me my dear Brother, if you can prevail upon some of your church extension people to extend across the waters a helping hand, in the shape of that \$1,500, you will have no cause to regret it.

There is not a Sabbath in which there are not from two to five hundred sailors ashore in this little town. I have already excited some interest among the boarding house keepers, the principal ones being subscribers to the chapel. One of them will be a Trustee. I have already the foundation of a tolerable library, having just received from a London Society a grant of books and tracts.

Taking all things into account there is not in the East Indies a port in which there is so wide a field for a chaplain's labors. Very many of our "man-of-war's men" will come into our services, it being a pleasant change from the routine of ship's duties."

APPEAL FOR HELP FROM SMYRNA.

We ask particular attention to the following communication just received requesting the appointment of a chaplain or colporteur for seamen at Smyrna:

SMYRNA, Aug. 14.

DEAR BROTHER:

I wish to lay before the Seamen's Friend Society the desirableness of having a chaplain, if possible, or if not a lay laborer, for the seamen who frequent this port.

Smyrna is, with reference to the United States, the chief port of Turkey. During the fig season, from twenty to thirty vessels (American)

are often here at once, during the year about sixty vessels are here. A month is the average duration of their stay.

There are also 100 to 200 English vessels here during the year. I can not bear to have all these sailors come and go with no effort for their spiritual welfare, but it is impossible for me to do anything for them, as I am alone here, with the care of two churches and the missionary work of this whole region in my hands.

If it does not seem to you worth while to send a chaplain here, (though I hope you may see your way to do so,) can you not at best, support a colporteur for the shipping?

I keep a supply of the Tract Society's books and scriptures in different languages, and a colporteur who could go on board of vessels as they arrive, with a note from me to the captains, (whom I generally know,) and a supply of books to sell to the sailors, who, after a voyage hither, begin to feel their want of some reading, could do a great deal of good.

I have one or two American members of my church here who understand English, and whom I could employ in this work had I the funds.

Three hundred dollars a year would be needed for such a man. I do not think the money could be spent more profitably.

Yours truly,

E. M. DODD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SUGGESTIONS RESPECTING ADVANCE WAGES.

Whether the recent promising movement to abolish "advance" shall ever result in any tangible good or not, is yet among the unsolved problems of the future. We have strong hope that, if not through the organized efforts referred to, at least by the quiet action of individual merchants and owners, the desired reform may be gradu-

ally effected. Some of them, as a matter of fact do adhere to their purpose and give no advance, and we believe there will be progress in that direction. Possibly some modification of the measures proposed may be found necessary to meet the practical difficulties in the way. Although, therefore, the subject may appear worn threadbare, we shall still gladly pub-

lish any suggestions which may aid in bringing about the result. The two following articles are from the pen of experienced masters, and are worthy of consideration.

"Will not the advancing of wages to seamen regulate itself and soon be abolished or unknown if the following rules are observed?

Suppose the wages to be \$16 per month. Let every man have his sixteen dollars advance, if he insists upon it, and give him to understand that his wages are fourteen dollars per month if he will take his money before he earns it? What is there wrong in this? Is it not a fair business transaction?

Another man wants no advance in the same ship. Give him his eighteen dollars per month and so let his wages be entered in the appropriate column upon the articles, where the man who took his advance has carried out in the same column his \$14. This is a simple remedy and will eventually succeed, so that in a short time the highest figures will be the only figures upon the articles. Notaries will be no longer wanted, and what is now paid them by the merchants will more than make the difference in the wages they pay Jack to become a man and encourage him to do well.

European ships (especially our Liverpool Packets) owing to the almost universal practice of driving the men, as well at sea, as driving them out of the ship when they arrive in a foreign port, will be the last to come into the measure, but even they will eventually succumb, as sailors become better, and as officers improve in their treatment of them. A few dismissals by the merchants of those men who think (apparently) that they can with brass knuckles and iron belaying pins thump a man to death to make him obedient and smart.

Such men will find their own level when this no advance system fully rectifies itself, and Jack has more regard for himself than under the old system (well calculated to degrade him in his own estimation) he begins now to feel and act like a man.

It certainly seems to me and to every ship master with whom I have

conversed upon the subject, a feasible plan, if not the best that has hitherto been offered to bring about a result which every true friend to seamen most devoutly desires to see accomplished.

If this rule is persisted in, the thing will be accomplished. No opposition of any moment can be expected from Jack, but the most strenuous secret efforts will be made by the Notaries, (or some of them) to prevent the accomplishment of this arrangement.

They must very plainly foresee that with the end of advances will terminate the necessity of employing men to do what a merchant's clerk can accomplish or any responsible landlord can do without any aid from a third party.

A SAILOR'S FRIEND."

"I see by the papers, shipowners have been attempting to get crews for their ships without paying advance wages.

If they are in earnest let them remember Jack has returned from sea in nine cases out of ten, without a cent in his pocket.

Now what is he to do, unless someone will supply his present wants? He has no food and shelter—either he must go immediately to sea, or else some one must provide for him until he does.

Will shipowners take him on board their ships and feed him one, two, or three weeks, as the case may be? Then he may be induced to go without money.—I used frequently to do that in order that I might get good sober men.

Yours,

AN OLD SHIPMASTER.

J. SMITH REYNOLDS.

Some months since the Sailor's Magazine, with the papers of the day, reported the loss of the Steam Ship City of Glasgow on her passage from Europe to this country. She was a total loss and every soul on board perished with her. Like the President and the Pacific, she sunk in the mighty deep and all her inmates found a watery grave!

The cause of these disasters will never be known in time. Among the

passengers in the City of Glasgow was a young man in the prime of life whose history will be interesting to the American Seamen's Friend Society, as one who through their benevolent exertions was made, by the grace of God, what he was, and was prepared for this sudden and unexpected call from time to eternity, as we have every reason to believe.

His name was J. Smith Reynoldson, for many years, and at the time of his death, a devoted Minister of the Gospel, of the Baptist persuasion in Virginia. His last charge was over a congregation in Petersburg, Va., to which he was returning after a visit to his friends and relations in England. His wife and children resided there and now mourn his irreparable loss to them. The people of his charge and the many christian friends in that State which he had made while sojourning among them, not a few of whom looked up to him as the spiritual Father in the Gospel of the grace of God—these all mourn his loss not as those without hope!

His history is short—and brief as his life was upon the earth—he was the humble instrument of a large amount of good through a ministry of about fifteen years. J. Smith Reynoldson came to the Sailor's Home as a boarder in 1837, and very soon after his sojourn among us, became hopefully converted to God, giving good evidence of a genuine work of grace upon his heart, abundantly manifested in an entire change of life. From a dissipated and reckless man he became a devoted christian. The Superintendent detained him at the Home for six months after his conversion and "he went about doing good" imbuéd with the spirit of Him who had called him.

About a year after his conversion he went South to teach school, having been favored with a good education and been reared by pious parents.

During the years of his teaching he was at his Master's work, calling sinners to repentance, nor were his labors in vain in the Lord! He was soon told by his friends that it was his duty to preach the Gospel, and after many struggles and doubts, he began to proclaim to sinners as a public

preacher the unsearchable riches of Christ, being ordained by the Baptists who had called him as their pastor, and to whose denomination he belonged, as did also his relations in England. The obituaries written after he was taken away were many, and spoke of him as one who "had been a burning and a shining light among them—an untiring and faithful pastor taken away in the height of his usefulness—in the prime of his life and the strength of his manhood, being about thirty-five years of age."

He was said to be an eloquent as well as a convincing preacher, and crowds attended his ministry.

He has left a widow and, I believe, two children in Virginia, where he married. This was the end of that sailor boy who came a stranger in a strange land to the Sailor's Home in 1837.

Surely if that Home had done no more than shelter him, and lead him to his mother's and his father's God, it would not have been in vain that so much of the dross of earth has been spent for its erection! But this is only one of many whose history might be written to encourage your Society and those who, like you, labor to do the sailors good. R. G.

NOBLE! NOBLE!

I have always held the doctrine that a good conscience is the best cure for fear that can be administered. "*Right is might*" is a good old maxim. That is, be sure you are right—and then you will have strength to perform. In other words, a "conscience void of offence" makes one strong, brave, a true hero.

What makes the Christian quail before the sinner—not lifting up his voice for the honor of the Master whose cause he has espoused? Alas! the consciousness, in too many cases, of having yielded to sin before them. A guilty conscience makes the head drop. For instance, in this thing, if no more, he feels guilty. In making a profession of religion he lays himself and his all upon the altar of the Savior. But very soon his conduct gives the lie to this profession, for self comes before Christ—ease, pleasure before duty.

The question comes up, where shall I join church? Of course the profession of the self denying religion of Christ says *where I can do the most good*. Self says—where is the best cushioned pew—the best society and the smoothest preaching. He yields to self, and of course with his guilty conscience—with a lie in his right hand, he cannot speak to sinners about their soul's dangers and salvation. "*A conscience void of offence*,"—*what an armor!*

But turn to the sinner. What makes him tremble in the storm—unsteady in trial—and shudder at the thought of appearing before God? *A guilty Conscience*. What stops his ears against even the words of God? *A seared Conscience*.

A tender, sensitive conscience! How rare a jewel! It is almost ignored in these days. As a general thing in politics, the very mention of a conscience is ridiculous. In business, it is much the order that you may have a conscience if it is one of the india rubber kind. Among those who go down to the sea, both of officers and men, it is very much the order to take it as a matter of course that a seaman has no business to have a conscience.

To illustrate. The ship's articles are not filled out. The owner is anxious to clear his vessel. He says to the Captain "here are some names, enter them down; take these protections and clear the vessel," i. e. go and swear to a pack of lies. Many an owner, who passes in the community for respectable has required this of the Captain. And alas! alas! the Captain has been tool enough to do it.

And then again the officer is very much in the habit of acting as if the sailor has no conscience. If, for example, he chooses to go out of port on the Sabbath, he takes it for granted

that the sailor has not a right to say a word. If he chooses to smuggle, is likely to be found out, and throws the goods upon an under officer or a sailor to father the crime, he feels that certainly he ought to allow it, go forward and lie and take on himself the other crime and not say a word. Alas! alas! there are many sailors fools enough to do it. O a tender conscience—a conscience shuddering at the thought of *one lie*, what a rare jewel!

Excuse my ramblings, the theme is a prolific one. I long to see, especially among seamen, an arising and shaking off the seared crust of conscience, that heaven's Angel, the law written in our hearts may speak out freely.

I began this article to mention two cases which I do without comment, only to say as at the beginning, Noble! Noble!!

1. A Captain not long since lost his vessel because he would not leave on the Sabbath.

The Captain was firm. What was the result? The owners knew they were wrong—soon went to the Captain, offered him a better vessel and better wages if he would come back into the employ.

2. A pious sailor went into N. Y. Port not long since, and stayed on board.

On Sabbath morning the Captain ordered him to go ashore and buy one of those filthy Sunday papers which a filthy boy was crying not far off. He refused. Not long afterwards he was shipped in this Port. The Captain desired him to come aboard on Sabbath evening to be ready for an early start on Monday morning,—i. e. he wished him to make a convenience of the Sabbath—The sailor refused.

A tender conscience, I love it.

J. B. R.

MISCELLANY.

BRAZILIAN COMMERCE AND SHIPPING.

The great interests of Brazilian commerce draw an immense number of vessels from all portions of the

globe. Brazil itself possesses the second navy of the Western World, and her steam frigates, and her sloops of war rendered essential service in the overthrow of the tyrant Rosas at

Buenos Ayres.

Since 1839, Brazil has had steamship lines running along the whole of her four thousand miles of sea coast; but it was not till 1850 that steam communication was established to Europe. It was then that the Royal British Mail Steamship Company, whose vessels start from Southampton, began their monthly voyages; and now Brazil has no less than eight different lines of steamers connecting her with England, France, Hamburg, Portugal, Belgium and Sardinia. The United States which hitherto has been the great commercial rival of Great Britain in Brazil, has not a single line of steamers to any portion of South America; and while England is reaping golden harvests, the balance of trade is each year accumulating against us. With all this so evident, it does seem strange that the general government of the Union, which has aided in extending our mercantile interests by subsidies to steamships running to other lands, has been so tardy in regard to South America, and especially unmindful of Brazil. England's commerce with Brazil since the establishment of her first steam-line in 1850 has increased her exports more than 100 per cent, while the United States has required *thirteen years*, to make the same advance. Her entire commerce with Brazil, imports and exports, has advanced two hundred and twenty five per cent, since her first steam-line was established. Each year the balance of trade is increasing rapidly against us. In 1856 the United States exported to Brazil \$5,094,904, while in return the United States imported from Brazil \$19,262,657, or, in other words, our last year's trading with Brazil left against us the cash balance of \$14,167,753, which we had to pay at heavy rates of exchange. England, in 1855, sold Brazil \$23,000,000, and bought of her in return only \$15,000,000, thus leaving the latter her debtor. * * *

Behind the island of *Enxados* are the English, French, German, Portuguese and Sardinian steamers, which have come over the pleasantest route that is known in ocean navigation. I have sailed on many seas, but I know of no voyage which, all things consid-

ered, is comparable to that from Rio Janeiro to England. We are out of sight of land but six days at the longest stretch (from Pernambuco to the Cape de Verds); while the average number of days at sea without stopping are two and a half. From Rio to Bahia there are but three days steaming over summer waters; and the ten or twelve hours at the second city of the empire gives plenty of time for refreshing promenades or rides into the country. In less than two days we land at Pernambuco, where we spend from twelve to twenty hours, lay in a stock of fine oranges, and pine-apples, (capital anti-nauseatics,) and perhaps purchase a few screaming parrots or chattering monkeys to present to our European friends. We then steam for St. Vincent, (Cape de Verds,) where we remain a few hours; and next steering northward, in forty-eight hours we behold, one hundred and fifty miles at sea, the tall Peak of Teneriffe lifting itself more than thirteen thousand feet from the bosom of the ocean. Here we revel in peaches, pears, figs, and lucious clusters of grapes,—in short, all the fruits of the temperate zone. We pass through the Canaries, and in thirty hours are at Funchal, where the fruit dose is repeated; a walk upon the shore (if health-bill clear), is permitted, and after being bored a few hours by the peddlers and grape venders, we bid farewell to picturesque Maderia, and at the end of ten days sail up the mouth of the Tagus and anchor before Lisbon. When we leave Portugal we steam along its coast and that of Spain and in three days we land at Southampton. No such steam voyage exists in the world; and those who are in the quest of the new, the strange and the beautiful, can no where so easily and so cheaply gratify their wishes in those respects as by the trip from Southampton to Rio, or vice versa.

To return from our digression; we now look from the island of *Enxados* upon what are called the loading and discharging grounds or anchorage.

On either hand, over vessels of every class,—from the coasting smack to the largest freighting ships, may be seen the flags of Spain, Portugal, Sar-

dinia, Tuscany, Naples, France, Belgium, Bremen, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, England, the United States, the South American Republics, and Brazil. These vessels are required to anchor at sufficient distance apart to swing clear of each other in all the different positions in which the ebbing and flowing tide may place them; thus boats may pass among them at pleasure. Here and there guard ships are stationed to prevent smuggling, and near by are several hulks of Brazilian men-of-war, one of which is used as the seat of the Naval Academy.

Situated accessibly as the port of Rio Janeiro is upon the great highway of nations; with a harbor unrivalled, not only for beauty, but also for the security it affords to the mariner, it becomes a touching point for many vessels not engaged in Brazilian commerce. Those that suffer injury in the perils of the sea between the Equator and the Cape of Good Hope, generally put in here for repairs.—Many sons of the ocean, with dismayed or waterlogged vessels have steered for this harbor as their last hope. At the same time, nearly all men-of-war, and many merchantmen bound round Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope generally put in here to replenish their water and fresh provisions. Thus in the course of business and of Providence, missionaries, either outward or homeward bound, were in various instances thrown among us for a brief period; and we scarcely knew which to value most,—the privilege of enjoying their society and counsel, or that of extending to them those Christian hospitalities not always expected on a foreign shore.—We enjoyed many such visits that will long be remembered, and we seemed to be brought directly in contact with Russia, India, the Sandwich Islands, and Central and Southern Africa,—the countries where the individuals met with had severally labored.

Such circumstances beautifully illustrate the central position, and the important character of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, which forms a conveying point for vessels, from any port of the United States and Europe, and for returning voyages from Aus-

tralia, California and the Islands of the Pacific.

Annually more than twelve thousand mariners, sailing under the flags of England and the United States, are gathered at Rio de Janeiro. This class of men demands the earnest attention of the philanthropic Christian. If pestilence visit Rio, they are sure to fall before it sooner than any other men that resort thither. The improvidence of sailors is proverbial, and their general dissipation and recklessness are well known. A greater proportion of these men die annually than of those who follow any other calling. They therefore really call for most earnest effort in their behalf, both morally and physically.

The exertions that have been made among sailors at Rio from time to time have not been entirely in vain. The American Seamen's Friend Society,—a noble institution which has carried the church over the world for Americans and Englishmen,—established a Chaplaincy at this port more than twenty years ago. No chapel was ever erected, because the peculiar regulations of the port are such that vessels lie at anchor away from the shore; hence it has been usual to hold services on board various vessels that might be in the harbor. The Bethel flag with its white dove would be hoisted to the main, and when unfurled to the breeze, like a church bell, though mute, would call the hardy mariners from the various anchorages to come up to the floating tabernacle, there to join in the hymn of praise, or to listen in this distant clime to the lessons of sacred truth. During a number of years it was my privilege, in connection with duties on shore, to fill the post of American Chaplain.—It was my custom, when the port was healthy to visit the English and the American vessels each Friday, conversing with officers, dropping a word of advice to the sailors, and placing in the hand of each a tract to announce the ship over which the Bethel flag would float on the following Sunday. When the yellow fever prevailed I daily visited the hospitals and boarded the ships to administer the comforts of the gospel to the sick and dying sailors. Poor fellows! Many

passed from time into eternity without being able to send a parting message to their distant friends, but whenever I could ascertain the ad-

dress of their relatives I forwarded their dying words, which were frequently the out-pourings of their faith and hope in Christ.



ENGLISH CEMETERY AT GAMBOA.

From the loading ground to the British Cemetery at Gamboa the distance by water is little more than a mile; and often have I had to lead the mournful procession from the landing place up the green walks of this quiet and retired resting place of the dead. In this beautiful and secluded spot sleep more than one minister-plenipotentiary, and admiral. Men of eminent station, as well as the unknown English and American citizen, the German, the Frenchman, the Swede, and the representatives of the commercial marine of almost every nation, here slumber in death. No portion of Rio was ever more impressive to me, whether it was in reading the solemn funeral service in the hearing of many, or when, with none but the sexton, I stood by the new made grave, or when alone I wandered through the shady walks. This cemetery belongs to the English, but the application of any consul for the burial of a deceased person of another nation is never rejected.*

While Englishmen either at home or

at Rio have done so much toward preparing and beautifying a suitable resting place for the dead, they have sadly neglected the living who come to this mart. There is regular service for those who reside in the city; but for the six thousand mariners who sail hither under the English flag, no provision has been made. The duties of the English Chaplain confine him to the shore; and though occasionally English officers and masters go to the chapel the sailor is neglected. It may be said, "There stands the chapel; let him go thither." Men who are not accustomed to the sound of the church-going bell, and whose proclivities are not particularly God-ward have some hesitation to row one mile upon the water, and then in a tropic clime to walk another, in a strange city, to a house of worship with which they do not feel associated by ordinary local ties. For such men, either the English Bethel Union, or some benevolent association connected with the Established Church, or with Dissenters, should make provision for regular worship. If men will not come to the gospel we must take it to them; and the most earnest workman in the vineyard of our Master will d

* We learn from Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Chaplain U. S. N., that permission of burial in this cemetery is now limited to British subjects. Americans are buried at Point Caju, two or three miles northwest of the city.

enough to do among the English sailors in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. The lower class of English laborers, either in the mines or engaged in the construction of railways is annually increasing; and it is hoped that the effort for ameliorating the moral condition of the resident workmen, so auspiciously begun at the Saude, may be followed up on the vast water parish which is ever to be found floating on the commodious bay. I am aware that there are those who look upon it as a more hopeful task to labor for the good of souls among the heathen, than for seamen. While I would not have a single soldier called in from the distant outposts, I do believe that under the circumstances, no distant field is more encouraging than caring for the spiritual welfare of those who "go down to the sea ships." They may be termed a "hard set," but they have noble and generous qualities and great temptations. It therefore becomes the English Christian not to rest until in every important foreign port he establishes worship for the sailor.—

[From "*Brazil and the Brazilians*" by Kidder & Fletcher.]

SAILORS' MISSION.

"Sailors' what?" Mission—my dear reader—*Sailors' Mission*.

"What's that? Aye, that's just what I was about to explain when you interrupted me. Every thing has some mission in the world.

"Every man has his mission." Every rock, tree, and flower has its mission, for God is not wasteful, and creates nothing that has not some part to play in His great plan. And hence when I say—"Every sailor has his mission," I only select one class from the universe and apply, particularly, the great truth which is general. Sailors have, as a class, a mission peculiarly their own—and this being neglected, and overlooked, there will be just as much of a gap in the plans of the Creator as though any other department were left unattended to. Every man, every set of men, has its mission, and so if any one's work is left undone, there is no one to do it for him, and it will remain undone to all eternity. No one has spare time to devote to his

neighbor's mission. Blessed is that one who by diligence accomplishes *his own*. "O yes, I know all that," says one. "But then Sailors, you know, I—I—well, really, I don't exactly see what their mission is, unless it is to afford a market for rum and encourage sensuality," "or rather" adds some petulant ship master—"to aggravate good nature—and make a little Bedlam on board ship."

No! sagacious reader, neither of these pertain to the Sailor's mission; for it is God who appoints each one his mission, and God *never* appoints evil of any kind. So, putting that and that together, we come to the irresistible conclusion, that Sailors *have* a peculiar mission. That it is a *good* mission, and that if they do not accomplish it, it will always remain unaccomplished.

"But there are no *Sailors* now a days," retorts the above petulant Ship master "the whole marine is going to the". . . . Hush—hush man!—don't mention names. We know that there is great room for improvement on board ship, both aft and forward, and that the prospect is not so cheering as one could wish; but hard words will not benefit the matter, and besides you know the old saying. "Talk about the de'il and there he is."

By your leave my friend, the marine is *not* going in the direction you mention; on the contrary, it *is* going to be an efficient instrument of good; and the sooner we stop croaking about the degeneracy of the times—and set ourselves seriously to work to regenerate them the sooner will the Sailor's true Mission become evident.

The sea is no more the devil's kingdom than is the land. "They who go down to the sea in ships see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep," and the bold, bad sayings, such as "No Sabbath out of soundings."—"No God in blue water," are as false as they are blasphemous. The Spirit of the Holy One does brood over the water—as really as it did at the creation, and they whose home is on the sea, are God's children even as others. So, let us lay aside all this desponding tirade about the destruction of the marine. Let us find out what is the Sailor's mission, and having satisfied our-

selves of that, let us aid in carrying out that mission, or at least not stand in the way of it.

I commend it, then, to your attention—dear reader—that the Sailor is in a prominent degree your true missionary. I am aware that the name “missionary” does not suggest anything sailor-like at first sight—and is usually applied to a class of self-denying laborers not at all resembling the class of whom we are speaking. Yet—the Sailor is the true missionary, as we shall soon see. For what is a missionary?

The very word is significant, it is one who *is sent*. Now the Gospel missionary is *sent* in the first instance, but having reached the place to which he is sent, he there abides, goes to work, does good, and makes himself comfortable.

But the Sailor is *always sent*. There is no rest to him. He abides nowhere and never makes himself comfortable.

He is never being anything else but *sent*. No sooner does he arrive at his destination, than off he is sent again for another. To-day he comes to China, whither he was *sent* from London, to-morrow he is *sent* to America, and when he reaches those shores, Heaven only knows where he will be sent next.

One month he is *sent*, to be roasted on the Equator. The next month—he is *sent* to freeze—as near the north pole as whales can swim.

One month he is among churches and schools, the next, among barbarians and wild beasts. He is continually being *sent*. Like poor “Joe” in “Bleak House,” he is “allers moving on.” Now if this is not being a missionary—we don’t know what is.

The Sailor’s whole life is one of continual *send*, from beginning to end; and if there is a respite it is a *God* send to him, and hence is no exception.

Now then with half an eye any one may see what is the Sailors’ mission, *God* appointed. They are the hands which are to encircle the world—to connect one continent with another, one people with another. They are to be the pioneers, the letters of introduction which one nation sends across the water to another. Who were the first visitors to the Sandwich Islands? Nay go further back. Turn to those

times concerning which Scripture is almost our only History. Who have been the pioneers of civilization?—Sailors—none other. Who sought out the American Continent?—Sailors!—and by the same token they were as great grumblers then, as now: for they seriously talked of pitching Columbus overboard, because the compass wouldn’t point to the north star. Who stumbled across the Sandwich Islands, and did a work there which twenty years of missionary labor have failed to undo, and which nothing but the entire extermination of the race will undo? With sorrow and shame be it said, they were Sailors who did it all. Take all the discoveries that have been made, since History began to be written, and nine tenths of them have been made by Sailors, and what is still more to the point, they have in every instance, left their imprint either for good or for evil upon the newly found race whom they visited. The Sailors’ mission is then to bring the ends of the world together; to introduce one nation to another, to equalize the world, by an interchange of knowledge and of production. As birds carry seeds from the plains—to inaccessible mountains and islands, and leave them there to take root, spring up, bloom and blossom and cover the bare earth with greenness and beauty, so is it the mission of Sailors—to scatter throughout every nation, the seeds of prosperity which other nations afford. They are the missionaries, most of all deserving the appellation and whether for good or evil, they are the most, by far the most efficient of all.

It becomes us then to be alive to this powerful engine of good or evil.

It becomes a thinking community to realize the importance of furnishing *good* seed, if it is thus to be sown broad cast throughout the world. It is a gross folly to underrate and profess to despise the influence of the Marine, upon the questions of reform which more or less occupy the attention of every christian community. Take our own colony—here. Whose influence is most felt among us; that of missionaries, or Sailors? Take all China—as at present opened to foreign influence: what principles are predominant: those which missionaries

preach—or Sailors' practice? Go through the lower streets of our town, or the *upper* streets, for there is little distinction to be made, and what principles seem to you predominant: those of virtue and morality, which missionaries preach—or of vice and licentiousness which Sailors practice?

The mission of Sailors, is *prostituted*, but even in its abuse it shows its power. They who are so powerful for evil, are equally powerful for good. Their influence is strong enough to neutralize the greater proportion of christian labors throughout the world; surely their influence under *right* auspices will do more than any thing else to reform and regenerate the world. "Why have not they done it?" you say. For the very reason that nine-tenths of the world have been asking the question which heads this article,—what on earth is the Sailors' mission? If an enlightened christian public do not know what is the Sailors' mission, it is little wonder that amid the routine of hard work, hard fare, hard swearing, and hard blows often, the Sailor himself fails to know to what mission God has appointed him. And *this* is the reason why the influence of the marine is for evil mainly, and not for good.

It should be ever kept in mind by those who are liberal in benevolent, religious objects, that a Sailor converted, is a missionary ordained, who at no expense to any one will traverse sea and land—bearing with him that good seed which it costs *now* so much to sow, and from which so small a harvest is reaped. And especially should every Sailor keep in mind, that while his profession is as noble as any on the face of the earth; his *mission*—the mission to which God appoints him—is the noblest of all. Sailors! Christ would make you the advanced guard of his kingdom, the pioneers of religion and civilization. For Heaven's sake don't degrade your trust! From the highest of all high commissions don't be degraded to the lowest of all low abuses. Be assured, that for each of you Christ has a work—and that you shall by no means fail of your reward. And to every sincere christian philanthropist I would say—don't sneer at the idea of the "Sailors' mission."

Rather—further it by all means in your power. Appreciate its importance, aid it by your gifts and prayers, and before many years you will see that mission accomplished. B.

[From "*The Hong Kong Monthly Magazine*," edited by Mrs. Rev. J. C. Beecher.]

LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH

Professor Morse communicates to his family the following diary of his voyage during the laying of the cable of the Atlantic Telegraph.

*U. S. Frigate Niagara, at sea, }
Saturday, Aug. 8th, 1857, 11 A.M. }*

On Wednesday the 5th, the shore end of the cable was safely landed on the Valentia beach; we left next morning at 5 A. M. had proceeded but about two miles when owing to the carelessness of a single workman the cable was jammed in the machinery and snapped. To recover the cable and to repair the damage caused the loss of about 36 hours. Yesterday (7th) at 6½ P. M. all being right, we commenced again laying out the heavy shore-end, of which we had about 8 miles to be left on the rocky bottom of the coast, to bear the attrition of the waves, and to prevent injury to the delicate nerve which it encloses in its iron mail, and which is the living principle of the whole work. A critical time was approaching, it was when the end of the massive cable should pass overboard at the point where it joins the main and smaller cable. I was in my berth by order of the surgeon, lest my injured limb, which was somewhat inflamed by the excitement of the day, and too much walking about, should become worse. Above my head, the heavy rumbling of the great wheels over which the cable was passing, and was being regulated, every now and then giving a tremendous thump like the discharge of artillery, kept me from sleep, as I knew they were approaching the critical point. Presently it came, the machinery stopped and soon amid the voices I heard the unwelcome intelligence "the cable is broke." Sure enough the smaller cable at this point had parted, but, owing to the prudent precautions of those superintending, the end of the great cable

had been buoyed and the hawsers which had been attached secured it. The sea was moderate, the moonlight gave a clear sight of all, and in half an hour the joyous sound of "all right" was heard; the machinery commenced a low and regular rumbling, like the purring of a great cat, which has continued from that moment (midnight), till the present moment uninterrupted. The coil on deck is most beautifully uncoiling, at the rate of three nautical miles an hour. The day is magnificent; the land has almost disappeared, and our companion ships are leisurely sailing with us at equal pace, and we are all of course in fine spirits. I sent you a telegraphic despatch this morning, thirty miles out, which you will duly receive with others that I shall send if all continues to go on without interruption.

August 10th, Monday.—Thus far we have had most delightful weather, and every thing goes on regularly and satisfactorily. You are aware we can not stop night nor day in paying out. On Saturday we made our calculations that the first great coil which is upon the main deck would be completely paid out, and one of our critical moments, to wit: the change from this coil to the next, which is far forward, would be made by 7 or 8 o'clock yesterday morning, (Sunday). So we were up and watching the last flake of the first coil gradually diminishing. Everything had been well prepared, the men were at their posts; it was an anxious moment lest a kink might occur, but as the last round came up, the motion of the ship was slightly slackened, the men handled the slack cable handsomely and in two minutes the change was made with perfect order, and the paying out from the second coil was as regularly commenced and at this moment continues, and at an increased rate to-day of five mile per hour.

Last night, however, was another critical moment. On examining our chart of soundings we found the depth of the ocean gradually increasing up to about 400 fathoms, and then the chart showed a sudden and great increase to 1,700 fathoms, and then a further increase to 2,050, nearly the

greatest depth with which we should meet in the whole distance. We had, therefore, to watch the effect of this additional depth upon the straining of the cable. At two in the morning the effect showed itself in a greater strain and a more rapid tendency to run fast. We could check its speed but it is a dangerous process. Too sudden a check would inevitably snap the cable. Too slack a rein would allow of its egress at such a wasting rate, and at such a violent speed that we should lose too great a portion of the cable, and its future stopping within controllable limits be almost impossible. Hence our anxiety. All were on the alert; our expert engineers applied the brakes most judiciously, and at the moment I write,—lat. 52 28—the cable is being laid at the depth of two miles, in its ocean bed as regularly and with as much facility as it was in the depth of a few fathoms. After the critical point of change yesterday, from coil one to coil two, (there are five coils altogether,) we had our Sunday services on deck. If you read the portion of the Psalms, morning prayer for the 9th of the month, you will see there is much appositeness in its tone and character to our situation. The more I contemplate this great undertaking, the more I feel my own littleness, and the more I perceive the hand of God in it, and how he has assigned to various persons their duties, He being the great Controller, all others his honored instruments. No single human being can appropriate to himself the exclusive honors of this enterprise, for in no human being do the various and almost opposite qualities exist necessary to be combined before it can be consummated. Hence our dependence first of all on God, then on each other.

6 P. M.—We have just had a fearful alarm. Stop her! stop her! was reiterated from many voices on deck. On going up I perceived the cable had got out of its sheaves, and was running out at great speed. All was confusion for a few moments. Mr. Canning, our friend who was the Engineer of the Newfoundland cable, showed great presence of mind, and to his coolness and skill I think is due the remedying of

the evil. By rope-stoppers the cable was at length brought to a stand-still, but it strained most ominously, perspiring at every part large tar drops. but it held together long enough to put the cable on its sheaves again.

Aug. 12, Noon.—At 3.45, yesterday morning, in lat. 52 30, long. 17 30, Mr. Bright, the engineer, went on deck; our ship was going at the rate of four miles two fathoms per hour, and the cable running out at a greater speed, perhaps at the rate of five miles the hour. Mr. Bright spoke the man in charge of the brakes, asking him what strain was upon the cable, to which the answer was returned, about 3000 pounds. Mr. Bright directed him to put 100 lbs. more of force upon the brakes, to check the speed of the cable. This was demurred to by the man for a moment, who expressed a fear that it would not be prudent. Mr. Bright, however, persevered in his orders. The brakes were applied with the additional force, which suddenly stopped the wheels of the paying out apparatus, and of course brought the force of the unchecked speed of the ship as an addition to the strain. At this time, too, there was a moderately heavy sea, which caused the ship's stern to rise several feet, and to the same degree to fall; when the stern fell, the cable, under its immense strain, went down into the water easily and quickly, but when the stern was lifted by the irresistible power of the succeeding wave, the force exerted upon the cable, under such circumstances, would have parted a cable of four times the strength.—Hence it is no wonder that our cable, subjected to such a tremendous and unnatural strain, should snap like a pack-thread. It did snap, and in an instant the whole course and plan of our future proceedings were of necessity changed.

How many visions of wealth, of fame and of pleasure were dependent for their realization on the integrity of that little nerve-thread, spinning out like a spider's web from the stern of our noble ship, and (in view of the mighty force of steam, and waves, and winds, and mechanism, brought to bear upon it,) quite as frail. Yet, with all its frailness, nothing could exceed

the beauty of its quiet passage to its ocean-bed, from the moment we had joined it to the shore end, until the fatal mistake of Mr. Bright, which caused the breaking of it asunder. The effect of it on ship-board was very striking. It parted just before daylight. All hands rushed to the deck, but there was no confusion; the telegraph machinery had stopped, the men gathered in mournful groups, and their tones were as sad, and voices as low, as if a death had occurred on board. I believe there was not a man in the ship who did not feel really as melancholy as if a comrade had been lost overboard. I feel sorry for Mr. Bright; he justly and magnanimously frees all on board from blame.

What we shall now do this season is doubtful, until we reach shore and have communication with the Company.

You will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that part of my last letter, and all this, has been written in my berth, which I have not left for 3 days. The accident to my leg in the Cove of Cork is the cause, when engaged in connecting up the two halves of the cable. Although apparently slight, I took too much exercise with it, and consequently have now been compelled to lie quiet. I do not suffer, except from the irksomeness of the confinement, while so much of interest has been enacted on deck, which I have not visited since the parting of the cable. My hurt on the leg is healing kindly and rapidly.

Aug. 13, 3 o'clock P. M.—A beautiful day, and we are now under full steam and sail for Plymouth. The Agamemnon and Susquehanna are in sight, for the same destination. The Cyclops took Mr. Field to Valencia yesterday, and the Leopard at the same time sailed for Plymouth, leaving us yesterday to make several important experiments, bearing upon the Atlantic Telegraph, which consumed nearly the whole day. I was unable to be on deck, but I learned the results, which are for the most part, very satisfactory. Our accident will delay the enterprise, but will not defeat it; I consider it a settled fact, from all I have seen, that it is perfectly practicable; it will surely be accomplished.

There is no insurmountable difficulty, that has for a moment appeared, none that has shaken my faith in it in the slightest degree. My report to the Company as co-electrician shows every thing right in that department; we got an electric current through till the moment of parting, so that electric connection was perfect; and yet the farther we paid out the feebler were the currents, indicating a difficulty, which, however, I do not consider serious while it is of a nature to require atten-

tive investigation. The amount of cable we had paid out when it parted was 334 nautical, or 384 geographical miles, and the depth of the ocean at the place was 2000 fathoms, ascertained by the Cyclops yesterday in sounding. This is as deep, within 2 or 3 hundred fathoms, as any part of the track we were pursuing to Newfoundland. and the length of submarine cable paid out is the longest as yet laid in the world.

—*New York Observer.*

THE CABIN BOY.

NAUTICAL RIDDLE.

I belong to the Captain, but not to the
cook,
To the windlass and chain but not to
the hook;
I'm found in a tackle but not in a
block,
In breakers and shoals but not on a
rock;
I belong to the compass but not to the
wheel,
To the masts and the yards but not to
the keel;
I'm no part of the rigging, yet belong
to each sail,
Never found in a tempest, but e'er in
a gale;
Every plank, beam, and cable, and an-
chor is mine,
All the cordage and rope yarn but ne-
ver a line;
In the cabin I live, in the forecastle
sleep,
But ne'er left the land and was ne'er
in a ship;
I'm found in each signal, whether red
blue or green,
And twice you behold me in this
Magazine.

W. C. B.

AN APOLOGY.

One fine day in June, a little rosy cheeked girl came with her mother into the office of the American Seamen's Friend Society, bringing a bed quilt which she had made with her own hands as a donation to the Sailor's Home. We ought to have acknowledged it before, and did prepare a notice of it, but some how it got hidden away out of sight much as *some* little girls hide away from duty. But we have not forgotten the face and cheerful looks of our little friend, or the interest she expressed in the poor shipwrecked and destitute sailors. She is only eight years old, and this was her first handiwork. Neither have we forgotten the story she told, how she came to make the quilt. She had read an anecdote of two other little girls who had made one, and determined she would follow their example. She did so and more too; making one all alone.

We commend her example to other little girls who read the Magazine. They too can make themselves useful, and such little girls are going to be something by and by.

Dont forget her name,

ELIZA TAYLOR CHISHOLM.

We want more quilts. What is more, we want more such girls. In these times of knitting machines, sewing machines and the like, such girls are becoming scarce.

From Putnam's Magazine.

INDIA INK.

It is a tarry sailor man
Doth shift his quid and sigh,
And musing o'er his "Injin ink,"
He spits, and pipes his eye.
In all her queer variety,
Perusing, one by one,
Spars, anchors, ensigns, binnacles,
His "fokesal" chums have done.
Around his arms, all down his back,
Betwixt his shoulder-blades,
Are Peg, and Poll, and July-Ann,
And *Mer*, and other maids;
And just below his collar-bones,
Amidship on his chest,
He has a sun in blue and red,
A-rising in the west.
A bit abaft a pirate craft,
Upon his starboard side,
There is a thing he made himself,
The day his Nancy died.
Mayhap it be a lock of hair,
Mayhap a "kile o' rope"—
He says it is a true love knot,
And so it is, I hope.
Naught recks that gentle foremost
hand,
What shape it wear to you—
With soul elate, and hand expert,
He pricked it—so he knew.
To "Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner,"
His sugar-tongs and spoons
Not dearer than that rose-pink heart,
Transfixed with *two* harpoons;
And underneath, a grave in blue,
A grave-stone all in red—
"Here lies all right, poor Tom's delight;
God save the mark—she's dead!"
Permit that tarry mariner
To shift his quid and sigh,
Nor chide him if he sometimes swear,
For piping of his eye.
Few sadder emblems are the heart's
Than, traced at first in pink,
And pricked till all the picture smarts,
Are fixed with "Injin ink."

CONQUERING BY KINDNESS.

'So Jack fell into the pond, did he?' inquired Mr. Prior, the school-teacher in our village, of a boy who wore thick boots and a course blouse, but with an honest face.

'Yes, sir, and he came very nigh drowning, too. It was lucky for him that I was down there, fishing, at the time,' replied the boy.

Why, what did your being there have to do with his escape?

'Everything sir,' said the lad, 'There was no one else in sight, and I helped him out.'

'But how came he to fall into the water, Jamie?'

'I will tell you, sir. Jack, you know, is very fond of bird nesting. He has got a string of bird's eggs reaching all around his father's summer house, which he has taken out of nests this summer. This morning, he spied a nest in the old elm-tree, which spreads over the pond, near old Putnam's Mill. Do you recollect it, sir?'

'Yes, I know the spot very well. And the water is very deep just there, too.'

'Well, sir, as I was saying, he saw a nest this morning, out on the branch which reaches farthest over the water, and he made up his mind to get it. When he told his mother about it, she told him he could not climb that tree. But he only laughed at her, and said she was an 'old granny,' and that he wasn't afraid—'

'Does Jack talk in that style to his excellent mother?'

'Yes, sir. He don't mind what she says. He says he isn't in leading strings, and doesn't mean to be.'

'Jack must be a foolish boy. The fact that his own way led him into the pond shows that he has not outgrown the need of leading-strings, if he is too proud to wear them,' said the teacher.

'I think so, sir. But, as I said, he would not mind his mother. He went to the elm, and with great labor climbed up its great trunk. He then crawled along the limb, which reached so far over the pond, after the nest. I was fishing at the other end of the pond, and he saw me. Hoping to startle me, he shouted, 'What are you doing there, old sober-face?' I looked

up towards the tree, but could see no one, for Jack was hid by the leaves. He could see me though. He knew I was puzzled; so to bother me a little more, he shouted:

'Halloo, there, you trespasser! Go away from my pond, or I'll send you to prison!'

'I looked more puzzled than ever, and Jack began to grow merry over my quandary. He shouted, 'Ha! ha! ha! Don't you wish you knew me, Mr. Fisherman?' Shaking the branch at the same time, Jack's fun was brought to a sudden end, for the branch, being rotten, as I suppose, broke off; and I saw Jack turning summersets in the air, as he fell, with a terrible splash, into the water.'

'Humph! Jack turned the tables on himself that time. He got rather heavy pay for his disobedience and self-will, and gave you a chance to be merry at his expense.'

'Not exactly, sir, for I felt he would be drowned. Indeed I did not know that it was Jack at first. I soon saw, however, who it was; and but for the fact that he was a little stunned by falling nearly flat upon the water, should have felt quite easy, for I knew Jack to be a good swimmer. He sank once, but on rising blew the water out of his mouth, and struck out bravely. I sprang to the fence, took down a rail, ran to the best spot I could find, and pushing the rail out into the water, I cried, 'Here, Jack, swim this way.'

'Jack, who felt very weak, lost no time in swimming to the rail. He didn't get hold of it any too soon, either. His strength was nearly gone when he grasped it. I cheered him however, and he held it fast until I gently drew it up the bank. When he came near enough I took his hand and pulled him out. But it was time he was out, for I had no sooner got him fairly ashore than he fainted away. But, oh, I was so glad I saved him!

'Why, Jamie, I thought Jack was your worst enemy. Didn't he get into a bad scrape last winter, by telling lies about you? Didn't he always make a butt of you before the boys? Isn't he your rival, too, at school? What, then, made you glad it was Jack, whom you saved?

'Well, sir, I was glad, because I

thought I had conquered him. He is a stronger, healthier boy than I am, and in some respects a bad boy. But my mother always told me that hatred could be conquered by kindness. I've tried it on Jack, sir, and it is so. Jack says he loves me like a brother. I conquered him by saving his life, and it gave me the sweetest pleasure I ever tasted.'

'You are a fine lad, Jamie,' replied Mr. Prior, brushing a tear from his eye as he walked along leaving Jamie alone with a breast full of happy thoughts and feelings.

Do you admire Jamie's spirit, my children? Good. Go then, prove your admiration genuine, by learning to conquer your enemies by kindness. Believe me, *there is no conqueror so powerful as kindness.*—*Forrester's Magazine.*

THE LATE MR. WHIRL POOL OF NORWAY.—It is said to have been demonstrated, as the result of a scientific commission detailed for investigations upon the coast of Norway, that the "Maelstrom," or whirlpool, has no existence; at least it is not to be found at the point designated upon the maps! It seems, then, that not only "large ships and whales," but Edgar A. Poe and all the rest of us have been "*sucked in*" by it. What an "opening" for the credulity and wonder of youth has thus been corked up! And how much poetic gas must henceforth be utterly turned off! Poor, credulous, marveling boys and girls of former generations (*our own* as well) have been *taken in* and done for by Olney, Mitchell, and all other geographers. But science will swallow us all up in the ever narrowing circle with which she comes the whirlpool over ignorance and credulity. Western lands are sometimes improved to the extent only of a "hole in the ground;" but Norway has sold the whole world with her often mapped but undiscoverable "*hole in the water.*" Well we hate to think that we have been humbugged, but after all it is pleasant to have such a big hole plugged up—*Boston Post.*

In one of Jerrold's plays, an old sailor trying to catch a kiss from a pretty girl, got a box on the ear 'There,' said he, 'like my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs!'

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER, 1857.

APPEALS FOR ADDITIONAL CHAPLAINS.

We have received another request, (in addition to that from Smyrna, given on a preceding page) for the appointment of a chaplain for seamen at HILO. It will be remembered that Rev. T. COAN, the very laborious and successful missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. has performed a voluntary service for seamen in that port for many years. Since however Hilo was made a port of entry two years ago, the number of sailors resorting thither has greatly increased, insomuch that it is found desirable to have a chaplain devoted exclusively to labor in their behalf. Mr. Coan's duties in his very extensive parish are such as to render him unable to perform this work longer in any measure as it ought to be done.

Accordingly a communication has been received from CHARLES WETMORE, Esq., dated at Hilo, May 19, requesting the appointment of a chaplain at that port by the American Seamen's Friend Society. In this he says:

"Foreign residents and seamen now feel that the time has come when a man should be located here, whose chief business during the shipping season shall be to look after the spiritual welfare of seamen. Mr. Coan has enough to do to see to his Hawaiian flock; at the time when he is most needed as chaplain, he feels obliged to be absent two or three Sabbaths on preaching tours in the remote districts of Hilo and Puna; and when here his labors with his people are such that he can devote only the closing hours of the Sabbath to those who come to us from the sea. At half past three o'clock in the after-

noon, (the hour of our English service,) sailors get scattered and weary; it is then difficult to collect them together, and more difficult to secure their attention.

We want a good, faithful, devoted minis'er; if such a man could be obtained the foreign community here would do their part towards supporting him. We wish a voice in his selection; give us this and we will aid you in securing him a salary; he would probably need one thousand dollars a year; half of this sum I think could be raised here by our church-going foreigners and seamen.

At a meeting of the foreign residents at my house in January last, I had the honor of being chosen Corresponding Secretary, and "it was voted that the Secretary draw up a petition to the Seamen's Friend Society, requesting that a permanent seamen's chaplain be provided for Hilo, and that it be presented to seamen for their signatures." I was also desired to write a letter to accompany it, expressing the views of our small community in relation to the matter.

In conclusion I would add that Mr. Coan is very favorable to the proposition, and says that he feels that it would greatly relieve him and give him more time and strength to devote to the people of his charge.

Please present this matter to the officers of your society, and acquaint me early of their decision.

In the meantime believe me,

Very respectfully,

Your obd't serv't,

CHARLES. H. WETMORE.

Accompanying this letter was a petition to the same effect signed by 79

persons, chiefly officers of vessels at that port.

Another call of a similar character comes to us from the Pacific shore of South America. A recent letter of Rev. D. TRUMBULL, of Valparaiso, addressed to the *Independent* of this city closes thus :

'Before concluding this letter, I wish I might call the attention of Christians to TALCAHUANO, as a port needing a chaplain for seamen, and landmen as well. It is south of this. Many whalers resort there to refit every year. I was there in March last, when thirty-six whalers were at anchor. Mr. Consul Crosby expressed great anxiety to have a minister come there. Several said they were willing to aid in supporting him, if one should come.

I wrote of this to the American Seamen's Friend Society, and in reply was informed the board felt the importance of occupying the point I had suggested, and would see what might be done, though held in check by want of funds. May not some who read this say to the society, "Go forward?" Yours truly, D.T."

We were called upon at our office a few days since by an English gentleman, a resident of CALLAO, on his way to England. There has been a standing application from that port for several years, but since the death of the lamented Mr. Bill, who died a few days after his arrival the society has been unable to supply them a chaplain. The gentleman above mentioned after waiting in vain for an appointment by this society, is hoping to be able to awaken the attention of friends in Great Britain to the wants of that port. We earnestly hope that he will succeed, and that the liberality of British Christians will make up that which is lacking on the part of

those in our country, to whom more properly this work belongs.

The Society have now (including Callao) applications from SIX LEADING PORTS requesting chaplains for the instruction of American seamen resorting thither. They are,

FUH CHAU,
HILO,
CALLAO,
TALCAHUANO,
SAN FRANCISCO,
SMYRNA.

Will the churches, and the benevolent public furnish us the means of sending them, or shall our seamen there be left still destitute, a prey to the destroyers of souls, and by their vices and sufferings made A REPROACH TO AMERICAN COMMERCE AND THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

THE HONG KONG MAGAZINE, edited by Mrs. Annie C. Beecher. Mrs. B. is a lady of the true Yankee spirit.—Not content with the discharge of her own home duties, she proposes to find time to assist in some measure the support of the chaplaincy at Hong-Kong by the editing of a magazine designed for the foreign residents of that port. The first number is before us, and as a specimen gives good promise of the future. An interesting article from the pen of her husband, we transfer to our own pages. Success to her enterprise, and success we add to all our Yankee girls, who like her, for the love of souls and the honor of Christ have gone abroad to participate in the blessed work of saving the needy.

JAMES MCGARY, second Lieutenant with Dr. Kane in his Arctic expedition, died recently in New London, Ct., leaving a wife and two sons. He was one of Dr. Kane's most reliable men.

Capt. J. S. PATTEN, whose noble wife navigated the Neptune's Car into San Francisco, died July 26. We are glad to learn that the fund raised in behalf of Mrs. P. by those who admired her virtues and heroism has reached the sum of \$1,400. This is exclusive of the \$1,000 voted her by the Underwriters.

The gold medal ordered by the New York legislature in honor of Dr. KANE has been completed. It is of fine gold and weighs fifteen ounces.

The Sailor's Home at San Francisco kept by Capt F. Hennell, formerly of New York, appears to be very successful. From a recent report of Capt. H. we cut the following items:

Number of Boarders in Home, 31st May.....	25
Arrivals in June.....	124
Departures.....	103
Number of Boarders in Home, 30th June.....	46
Average daily number.....	34
Amount of deposits on hand, 31st May.....	\$581 83
“ moneys deposited from the 31st	
May to the 30th June.....	2,673 20
“ paid men at time of leaving.....	2,100 00
“ of deposits on hand the 30th June.....	1,155 03

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Disasters for the Month.

STEAMER.

Aug. 24. Clyde, (British) totally wrecked on Penquoet Reef in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Passengers and crew saved.

PROPELLER.

Aug. 15. N. J. Harris, Smith, run into in L. I. Sound by the steamer Metropolis and sunk. Eight passengers and four of the crew saved, thirteen lost.

SHIPS.

Lexington, Dickman, fr. New Orleans, to Liverpool, went ashore in a gale in Brandon Bay, Ireland. The crew saved. Ship a total loss. Her value was \$38,000.

Clara Brookman, ashore at Squan, broken in two amidships, will be a total loss, 1424 tons. Value of ship and cargo \$95,000.

BARKS.

June 22. Susan, Green, (whaling) wrecked on the Esmeraldas. Crew saved.

July 28. N. H. Wolfe, fr. Havana to Turk's Is., in ballast, after loading with salt in Norman's Pond, went ashore and bilged at Lea Stocking's Island while beating out of the harbor. Vessel and cargo total loss, crew saved.

Sept. 6. Rosalie, fr. Boston to Sidney, C. B., totally wrecked on Seal Island. Crew saved.

BRIGS.

July 27. Susan Small, Jackson master, fr. Philadelphia to St. Jago de Cuba, ashore on Inagua, will be a total loss, 172 tons.

Sept. 2. Portland, Knight, fr. Philadelphia to Charleston, sprung a leak, and run ashore near Ocracoke Inlet. Probably a total loss, crew saved.

SCHOONERS.

Ohio, Sayres, fr. New Brunswick, N. J. to Hudson, N. Y., struck a rock opposite Buttermilk Falls and sunk. Vessel and cargo total loss.

Aug. 4. Energy, Coombs, from Castine to Pictou, wrecked on Seal Island.

Aug. 9. Margaret Ann, Forman, run into by a brig off Maria Joseph, and supposed to have sunk. Crew saved.

Aug. 10. Texan, fr. New York to Eastport, capsized east of Cape Ann. Crew carried into Gloucester.

Aug. 10. Rich, (fishing) sprung a leak on Grand Bank and abandoned.

Aug. 23. Philip Gilkey, run into and sunk off Barnegat. Two men lost.

Aug. 23. John W. Gandy, Hewitt, fr. Philadelphia to Providence, sprung a leak and run ashore seven miles east of Fire Island light. Hands saved.

Aug. 30. Vermilion, Avery, from Warren, R. I., to Port Ewen, capsized during a violent thunder storm near Mystic Is. Captain and crew saved.

— Sarah Ann, of Bridgeton, N. J. capsized in a squall at sea. Captain, mate and cook lost, the rest of the crew saved.

— Corinthian, Dorr, fr. Weymouth to Bangor, sprung a leak and run ashore on Larboard Rocks. Will probably be a total loss.

— Ontario, fr. Port Richmond to Boston, ashore at Del. Breakwater. Vessel and cargo a total loss.

Sept. 7. L. H. Scott, Jarvis, fr. Bristol. Pa. to Boston, with coal sprung a leak and sunk near Block Island. Captain and crew saved.

SLOOPS.

Aug. 22. Eliza C., of New London, sunk between Saybrook and Black Point.

Aug. 28. Pinion, Chase, fr. Port Ewen, struck on Watch Hill Reef and sunk.—Total loss.

SUMMARY.

Steamer,	1
Propeller,	1
Ships,	2
Barks,	3
Brigs,	2
Schooners,	12
Sloops,	2

23

NOTICES TO MARINERS.

NEW YORK.—A FIXED LIGHT, VARIED BY FLASHES, AT PRINCESS BAY LIGHT-HOUSE, LOWER BAY.—The present *fixed white light* at Princess Bay Light-house, on Staten Island, in the Lower Bay of New York, will be changed, on and after the evening of the 15th day of November next, (1857,) to a *fixed white light, varied by a short eclipse and brilliant flash* once in every two (2) minutes.

This distinction will prevent the possibility of mariners mistaking (on approaching the bar at the entrance to New York lower bay) the Princess Bay light for either of the range lights on Point Comfort, N. J., or those at Elm Tree and New Dorp, on Staten Island. A. N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. (magnetic) course, made good, from the light-vessel will lead to the mid-channel (black and white vertical stripes) buoy, placed at the entrance to Gedney's channel, on the line of Sandy Hook light-house and Mount Pleasant in range; and a W. by N. (magnetic) course, made good, from this buoy (running for Princess Bay light-house) will lead through the best water in Gedney's channel until the lights on Point Comfort, N. J., are brought in range, when that range should be followed, if bound around Southwest spit, or until Elm Tree and New Dorp lights are in range, if bound on the Swash channel.

Block Island, R. I., Change of Light.—A new light-house and keeper's dwelling is to be erected on the north end of Block Island. Due notice will be given of its completion.

On and after Wednesday, August 26th, a single temporary light will be shown on the northern sand hill, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile N. of the present double light, which will be discontinued after the above date.

Chincoteague.—A first class Iron Nun Buoy, painted red, with the letters W Q

S, in white, has been placed in $8\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms water, E. by S., distant $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the shoalest part of Winter Quarter Shoal, off Chincoteague Inlet.

Green Run, bearing from the buoy N. W. $\frac{3}{4}$ N., (magnetic) distant about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Cape Chincoteague, W. by S. $\frac{1}{4}$ S.

Charleston, S. C. Battery Beacon. A fixed light, of the natural color, will be exhibited for the first time on the evening of the 1st September, 1857, on the eastern end of Charleston Battery, S. C., which, with Fort Sumpter beacon, forms a range by which to enter the north channel leading into Charleston harbor.

The illuminating apparatus will be a sixth order Fresnel lens, placed in a lantern on the top of a cast iron shaft, painted bronze color. The entire horizon will be illuminated and the height of the focal plane 45 feet above low water, which will admit of the light being seen over eight miles above the horizon.

Sullivan's Island, S. C., Front Range Beacon.—The Front Range Beacon on Sullivan's Island, S. C., which was burned down April 18, 1857, has been rebuilt, and a fixed light will be exhibited therein on the evening of the 1st September, 1857.

The illuminating apparatus will be a Fresnel range lens, placed in a light-room on the top of a wooden frame, both of which are painted light brown. The arc of illumination is 15° , and the height of the focal plane 50 feet above the sea.

Morris Island (S. C.) Range Beacon.—A new beacon, ranging with Charleston (S. C.) light-house, has been erected on Morris Island as a substitute for the present brick range beacon, which is out of place in consequence of the shifting of the main ship channel to the southwest. The middle of the new range beacon is 41 feet 5 inches west of the middle of the old one, and with the Charleston light-house in line, correctly marks the deepest water in the main ship channel. It will be lit, for the first time, on the evening of the 10th September, 1857, after which the old beacon tower will be torn down.

The illuminating apparatus will be a Fresnel range lens, placed in a light room on the top of a wooden frame, both of which are painted red. The arc of illumination is 15° , and the height of the focal plane 50 feet above the sea.

Many a ship has been wrecked by mistaking a light; and many a soul has been ruined by neglecting the Gospel.

RECEIPTS.

From August 1st to Sep. 1st, 1857.

*Directors for Life by the payment of \$50.*Rev. Andrew J. Willard, by Cong.
Ch., Upton, Mass., 50 00*Members for Life by the payment of \$20.*Mrs. Lucretia H. Webber, by gen-
tlemen, Castine, Me., 43 00

Miss Mary H. Vose, Castine, Me., 43 00

Rev. Mr. Aikin, by Cong. Ch.,
Yarmouth, Me., 20 00

Mrs. Aikin, do., do., 20 00

Rev. John O. Fiske, by Winter
Street Ch., Bath, (am. ack. be-
low.)William Hartshorn, by First Cong.
Ch., Manchester, N. H., 20 00

William Patten, by do., do., 20 75

John L. Kingsbury, Francistown
N. H., (balance) 5 00Dexter Rockwood, Ashland, Mass.,
(in part) 5 00Samuel Kilbourne, by Ladies Be-
nev. Soc., L. Meadow, Mass., 28 12Dea. Ruel Andrews, by Cong.
Ch., East Haven, Ct., 20 90Dea. T. Higgins, Southington,
Ct., (am. ack. below)Henry P. Summers, by First
Cong. Ch., Woodbury, Ct., 20 00Edwin Whitlock, by First Cong.
Ch., Woodbury, Ct., 21 05Dea. Cyprian Wilcox, by Church
St. Ch., New Haven, Ct., 66 05Peter Cortelyou, Six Mile Run,
N. J., 20 00Rev. William R. Glen, by Pres.
Ch., German Valley, N. J., (in
part) 5 00Phineas Mixer, Jr., Walnut Hills,
Ohio, by Miss M. Overaker. 30 00*Donations.*

Cong. Ch., Searsport, Me., 30 00

Cong. Ch., Bellport, Me., 10 00

Cong. Ch., Brunswick, Me., 30 00

Cong. Ch., Winter Street, Bath,
Me., 31 00

Center Ch., Bath, Me., 23 21

do. do. Infant Class, Bath, 1 00

A Friend, Searsport, 50

Center Cong. Ch., Mason, N. H., 3 45

Franklin Street, Ch., Manchester,
N. H., 17 16Rev. Mr. Richard's Ch., Beverly,
Mass., 12 00

A. H., Boston, 20 00

A. K., " 30 00

J. D., " 20 00

B. B. & Sons, " 20 00

W. A. & Co., " 30 00

T. S. T., " 20 00

G. & W., " 20 00

H. & C. Boston, 10 00

A. P., " 10 00

T. J., " 5 00

A. D. A., " 10 00

W. R., " 20 00

Gentlemen's Benev. Soc., 1st
Parish, Northampton, Mass., 47 50First Cong. Ch., Southbridge,
Mass., 12 00

Cong. Ch., Shrewsbury, Mass., 24 00

Cong. Ch., Mansfield, Mass., (add.) 45

Cong. Ch., Royalton, Mass., 48 39

Evang. Ch., Sudbury, Mass., 24 30

Gentlemen's Benev. Soc., 1st Ch.,
Hadley, Mass., 5 00Gentlemen's Benev. Soc., L. Mea-
dow, Mass., 54 90Estate of the late Mrs. Mehitabel
D. Colton, 50 00First Cong. Ch., Springfield,
Mass., 61 36Cong. Ch., West Springfield,
Mass., 28 44

A. Friend, Springfield, Mass., 1 00

First Cong. Ch., Westfield, Mass., 40 00

First Cong. Ch., Chicopee, Mass., 12 20

Second Cong. Ch., Chicopee,
Mass., 12 00

Cong. Ch., Squam, Mass., 19 56

Cong. Ch., Ludlow, Mass., 14 03

Cong. Ch., N. Wilbraham, Mass., 2 00

Miss Parkes, Providence, R. I., 2 50

Cong. Ch., Southington, Ct., 36 67

Bapt. Ch., Southington, Ct., 12 96

Friend to the Cause, Colchester,
Ct., 20 00

North Cong. Ch., Hartford, Ct., 100 34

Pres. Ch., Stamford, Ct., 41 48

A Friend, Woodbury, Ct., 5 00

Pearl Street Cong. Ch., Hartford,
Ct., 117 75

Third Cong. Ch., Guilford, Ct., 21 00

North Bapt. Ch., Hartford, Ct., 10 28

A Friend, Hartford, Ct., 1 00

College Street, Ch., New Haven,
Ct., 70 00

Rev. E. Strong, New Haven, Ct., 3 00

Howe Street Ch., New Haven, Ct., 7 00

Mrs. C. Stevens, Cheshire, Ct., 1 00

Cong. Ch., Saugerties, N. Y., 5 00

Danl. Bigelow, Bristol, N. Y., 5 00

Mr. Wolfe, Tivoli, N. Y., 5 00

Mrs. Kellogg, Bristol, N. Y., 3 00

Eleventh Pres. Ch., New-York, 25 88

Pres. Ch., Binghamton, N. Y., 58 15

A Friend, N. Y., 10 00

Union Meeting, Port Jefferson, N.
Y., 3 39Ref. Dutch Ch., New Lotts, N. Y.,
(in part) 19 02

Harlem Meth. Epis. Ch., N.Y., 11 15

A Friend, New-York, 5 00

A Friend, Newark, N. J., 5 00

\$1,864 95